A SONNET....For The Tribune.

How two strong elements strive in the soul;

Not right and wrong, which should be clear to sense—

But inner truths, and outer-evidence!
The inner, firm, as lodestone to the pole.
While booming facts, like wild sea billows roll,
Athwart belief—which is the soul's defense,—
On which is built its freedom,—innocance,—
Reason, which should, hand locked with Faith,

control.

This inner sense, the poet's richest gift,—
A half-veiled madness to the worldly eye,—
Men still confound with idle fantasy,
Which has no power so to dilate, uplift,
And bind the soul in lofty reverse,
Filling with spirit truth, that cannot die.

PETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

EARLY on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet,

Came, beyond the ancient farmhouse, sounds of highly tripping feet.

'T was a lowly cottage maiden going, why, let young hearts tell,
With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.
Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the

Shadows lay athwart the pathway, an about the quiet lane,
And the breezes of the morning moved them to

and fro again.
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the
maiden of the farm,
With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no
ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain Sought to press their bright ning image on her ever busy brain.

Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-waking dream: And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest Summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright, Singing, soit, its hallelujah to the gracious morn-

Fern leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where
its silv'ry droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted fox-

Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the pitcher in the tide,—

Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its

glazed side.

But, before her arm could place it on her shiny,
wavy hair.

wavy hair,

By her side a youth was standing!—Love rejoiced to see the pair!

Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the

Gentle words of heart devotion whisper'd 'neath the ancient trees.

But the holy, blessed secrets, it beseems me not

But the holy, blessed secrets, it beseems me not to tell:

Life had met another meaning, fetching water from the well!

from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burden-pitcher bore;

She, with dewy eyes downlooking, grew more beauteous than before!

beauteous than before!

When they near'd the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light;

Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wavelets bright: Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of him she'd bear, Calling every burden blessed, if his love but

Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted there! Then, still waving benedictions, further—further off be drew. While his shadow seem'd a glory that across the

Now about her household duties silently the maiden went.

And an ever-radiant halo with her daily life was blant

Little knew the aged matron, as her feet like music fell,

What abundant treasure found she, fetching water from the well!

MARIE.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

"LONDON LABOR AND THE LONDON POOR," by HENRY MAYHEW, Part I., is a republication by Harper & Brothers, of the articles in the Morning Chronicie, on the condition of the London Poor, from which we gave a variety of statistical dotails in The Tribune, at the time of their original appearance. They are now presented in a revised and greatly enlarged form, illustrated with daguerreotype engravings, and issued in semimonthly numbers, which, when completed, will furnish the most comprehensive view of the subject, that has ever been given to the public. Mr. Maybew has made an ample collection of facts from personal observation; he describes them in a lively and attractive style; and his book cannot fail to prove of great interest to every reader. The present number commences the general division of the "Street-Folk," under which head the "Costermongers" are portrayed in striking celors. This term is applied to those street sellers, who deal in fish, fruit, and vegetables, pur chasing their goods at the wholesale green and fish markets. The word, written costard-monger by Dr. Johnson, is derived from the sale of apples or costards, "round and bulky like the head," but is now used to denote the whole class of venders above alluded to. The number of coster-mongers in London is estimated by Mr. Mayhew to be 30,000, men, women and children; it is greatly increasing; and for the last five years it has increased faster than the general metropolitan population. We copy the following sketch of

HABITS AND AMUSEMENTS OF COSTERMONGERS.

I find it impossible to separate these two headings; for the babits of the costermonger are not domestic. His busy life is passed in the markets or the streets, and as his leisure is devoted to the beer-shop, the dancing room, or the theater, we must look for his habits to his demeanor at those places. Home has few attractions to a man whose life is a street-life. Even those who are influenced by family ties and affections, prefer to "home"—indeed that word is rarely mentioned among them—the conversation, warmth, and merriment of the beer shop, where they can take their ease among their "mates." Excitement or amusement are indispensable to aneducated men. Of beer-shops resorted to by costermongers, and principally supported by them, it is computed that there are 400 in London.

Those who meet first in the beer shop talk over the state of trade and of the markets, while the later comers enter at once into what may be styled the serious business of the evening—

Business topics are discussed in a most peculiar style. One man takes the pipe from his mouth and says, "Bill made a dooghene hit this morning." "Jem," says another, to a man just entering, "you'll stand a top o' reeb?" "Oo," answers Jem, "I've had a trossene tol, and have been doing dab." For an explanation of what may be obscure in this dialogue, I must refer my readers to my remarks concerning the language of the class. If any strangers are present, the conversation is still further clothed in slang, so as to be unintelligible even to the partially initiated. The evident puzzlement of any listener is of course gratifying to the contemporar's vanity, for he feels that he possesses a knowledge peculiarly history.

Among the in-door amusements of the costermonger is card-playing, at which many of them
are adepts. The usual games are all fours, all
fives, cribbage, and put. Whist is known to a
few, but is never played, being considered dull
and slow. Of short whist they have not heard;
"but," said one, whom I questioned on the subject, "if it's come into fashion, it'll soon be among
as." The play is usually for beer, but the game
is rendered exciting by bets both among the players and the lookers on. "Fil back Jem for a
ysnepatine," says one. "Jack for a gen," cries
another. A penny is the lowest sum laid, and
five shillings generally the highest, but a shilling
is not often exceeded. "We play fair among
ourselves," said a costermonger to me—"ay,
fairer than the aristocrats—but we'll take in any
body else." Where it is known that the landlord
will not supply cards, "a sporting coster" carries
a pack or two with him. The cards played with
have trarely been stamped; they are generally
ditty, and sometimes almost illegible, from long
handling and spilled beer. Some men will sit
patiently for hours at these games, and they
watch the dealing round of the dingy cards in-

tently, and without the attempt—common among politer gamsters—to appear indifferent, though politer bear their losses well. In a full room of they bear their losses well. In a full room of card players, the groups are all shrouded in tobacco smoke, and from them are heard constant sounds—according to the games they are engaged in—of "I'm low, and Ped's high." "Tip and me's game." "Fifteen four and a flush of five." I may remark it is curious that costermongers, who can neither read nor write, and who have no knowledge of the multiplication table, are skilful in all the intricacles and calculations of cribbage. There is not much quarraling over the cards, "Itless strangers play with them, and then the nostermongers all take part one with another, fairly

or unfairly.

It has been said that there is a close resemblance between many of the characteristics of a very high class, socially, and a very low class.—
Those who remember the disclosures on a trial a few years back, as to how men of rank and wealth passed their leisure in card-playing—many of their lives being one continued leisure—can judge how far the analogy holds when the card-passion of the costermongers is described.

"Shove-halfpenny" is another game played by

"Shove halfpenny" is another game played by them; so is "Three up." Three halfpennies are thrown up, and when they fall all "heads" or all "tails," it is a mark; and the man who gets the greatest number of marks out of a given amount—three, or five, or more—wins. "Three up" is played fairly among the costermongers; but is most frequently resorted to when strangers are present to "make a pitch,"—which is, in plain words, to cheat any stranger who is rash enough to bet upon them. "This is the way, sir," said an adept to me; "bless you, I can make them fall as I please. If I'm playing with Jo, and a stranger bets with Jo, why, of course, I make Jo win." This adept illustrated his skill to me by throwing up three halfpennies, and, five times out of six, they fell upon the floor, whether he threw them nearly to the coiling or merely to his shoulder, all heads or all tails. The halfpence were the proper current coins—indeed, they were my own: and the result is gained by a peculiar position of the coins on the fingers, and a peculiar jerk in the throwing. There was an amusing manifestation of the pride of art in the way in

which my obliging informant displayed his skill.

"Skittles" is another favorite amusement, and
the costermongers class themselves among the
best players in London. The game is always for
beer, but betting goes on.
A fondness for "sparring" and "boxing" lingers

among the rude members of some classes of the working men, such as the tanners. With the great majority of the costermongers this fondness is still as dominant as it was among the "higher classes." when boxers were the pcts of princes and nobles. The sparring among the costers is not for money, but for beer and "a lark"—a con-venient word covering much mischief. Two out of every ten landlords, whose houses are patroni zed by these lovers of "the art of self-defense," supply gloves. Some charge 2d, a night for their use; others only 1d. The sparring seldom continues long, sometimes not above a quarter of an cur; for the costermongers, though excited for a while, weary of sports in which they cannot per-sonally participate, and in the beer shops only two spar at a time, though fifty or sixty may be The shortness of the duration of this pastime may be one reason why it seldom leads to quarreling. The stake is usually a "top of reeb," and the winner is the man who gives the first "noser:" a bloody nose however is required to show that the blow was vertibly a noser costermongers boast of their skill in pugilism as well as at skittles. "We are all handy with our fists," said one man, "and are matches, ay, and more than matches, for anybody but regular box-ers. We've stuck to the ring, too, and gone reglar to the fights, more than any other men." Twopenny hops" are much resorted to by the

costermongers, men and women, boys and At these dances decorum is sometimes, by violated. "The women," I was told by one doesn't show their necks as I've seen the often violated. ladies do in them there pictures of high life in the shop winders, or on the stage. Their Sanday gowns, which is their dancing gowns, ain't made that way." At these "hops" the clog-hornpipe is often danced, and sometimes a collection is made to insure the performance of a first rate professor of that dauce; sometimes, and more frequently, it is volunteered gratuitously. The other dances are jigs, "flash jigs"—hornpipes in other dances are jigs, "fixeh jigs"—hornpipes in fetters—a dance rendered popular by the success of the acted "Jack Sheppard"—polkan, and country dences, the lastmentioned being generally depanded by the women. Waltzes are as yet unknown to them. Sometimes they do the "pipedance." For this a number of tobacco-pipes. out a dozen, are Isid close together on the floor and the dancer places the toe of his boot between the different pipes, hesping time with the music. Two of the pipes are arranged as a cross, and the toe has to be inserted between each of the angles, without breaking them. The numbers angles, without breaking them. The numbers present at these boys vary from 30 to 100 of both sexes, their ages being from 14 to 45, and the female sex being slightly predominant as to e proportion of these in attendance. At these cops" there is nothing of the leisurely style of dancing-half a glide and half a skip-but vigorons, laborious capering. The hours are from half-past eight to twelve sometimes to one or two is orning, and never later than two, as the coster mongers are early risers. There is sometimes a good deal of drinking : some of the young girls being often pressed to drink and frequently yielding to the temptation. From £1 to £7 is spent in drinking at a hop: the youngest men or lais present spend the most, especially in that act of of costermonger politeness." treating the ga's."
The music is always a fiddle, sometimes with the addition of a harp and a cornopean. The band is provided by the costermongers, to whom the acembly is confined; but during the present and he last year, when the costers' carnings have been less than the average, the landlord has provided the barp, whenever that instrument has added to the charms of the fiddle. Of one use to

which these "hops" are put I have given an ac-count, under the head of Marriage."

The other amusements of this class of the com-munity are the theater and the penny concert, and their visits are almost entirely confined to the galleries of the theaters on the Surrey-side the Surrey, the Vistoria, the Bower Saloon, and week is an average attendance at theaters and The most intelligent man I met with among them gave me the following account. He classes him self with the many, but his tastes are really those of an educated man: "Love and murder suits us best, sir; but within these few years! think there's a great deal more liking for deep tragedies among us. They set men a thinking : but then we all consider them too long. Of Ham-let we can make neither end nor side; and nine out of tee of us-ay, for more the out of ten of us-ay, far more than that-would like it to be confined to the shoat scenes, and the fuseral, and the killing off at the last. Macheth would be better liked it it was only the witches and the fighting. The high words in a tragedy we call jaw breakers, and say we cre't turable to that her high. that barrikin. We always stay to the last, be cause we've paid for it all, or very few coaters would see a tragedy out if any money was returned to those leaving after two or three acts. We are foud of music. Nieger music was very much liked smong us, but it a stale now. I songs are liked, and sailors' songs, and patr songs are liked, and sailors' songs, and particular songs. Most costers-indeed, I can't call to mind an exception-listen very quietly to sougs that they don't in the least understand. We have smong us translations of the patriotic French songs. 'Mourir pour la patrie' is very popular, and so is the 'Marseillaise.' A song to take hold of us must have a good chorus." They like something, sir, that is worth hearing, said one of my informants, "such as the 'Soldier's Dream, 'The Dream of Napoleon, or I ad a

dream—an 'appy dream."

The songs in ridicule of Marshal Haynau, and in landation of Barclay and Perkin's draymen, were and are very popular among the costers; but none are more popular than Paul Jones—'A noble commander, Paul Jones was his name.' Among them the chorus of "Britons never shall be slaves," is often rendered "Britons always shall be slaves. The most popular of all songs with the class, however, is "Duck-legged Dick," of which I give the first verse:

"Duck-legged Dick had a donkey,
Arth his lash loved much for to a will,
One day he got rather impy,
And got sent seven days to the mill.
His donkey was taken to the green yard,
A fate which he never deserved.
Oh! it was such a regain mean yard,
That slast the poer moke got starved.
Oh! bud luck can't be p evented,
Fortune she smiles or she frowns,
He 's best off that's contented.
To mix, sirs, the ups and the downs."

Their sports are enjoyed the more, if they are dangerous and require both courage and dexterity to succeed in them. They prefer, if crossing a bridge, to climb over the parapet, and walk along on the stone coping. When a house is building, towa of coster lads will climb up the long ladders,

leaning against the unslated roof, and then alide down again, each one resting on the other's shoulders. A peepshow with a battle scene is are of its coster audience, and a favorite pasting with cheap theatrical swords. They are, however, true to each other, as should a coster, who is the hero of his cour, rall ill and go to a hospital, the whole of the lambiants of bis quarter will visit him, on the Sunday, and take him presents of

Among the men, rat-killing is a favorite sport.

Among the men, rat-killing is a favorite sport.

They will enter an old stable, fasten the door and then turn out the rats. Or they will find out some unfrequented yard, and at night time build up a pit with apple case boards, and lighting up their lamps, enjoy the sport. Nearly every coster is fond of dogs. Some fancy them greatly, and are proud of making them fight. If when out working, they see a handsome stray, whether he is a "toy" or "sporting" dog, they whip him up—many of the class not being very particular whether the

animals are stray or not.

Their dog fights are both croel and frequent. It is not uncommon to see a lad walking with the trembling legs of a dog shivering under a bloody handkerchief, that covers the bitten and woanded body of an animal that has been figuring at some "match." These fights take place on the sly—the tap room or back-yard of beer shop being generally chosen for the purpose. A few men are let into the secret, and they attend to bet upon the winner, the police being carefully kept from the

Pigeons are "fancied" to a large extent, and are kept in lath cages on the roofs of the houses. The lads look upon a visit to the Red house, Battersen, where the pigeon shooting takes place, as a great treat. They stand without the boarding that incloses the ground, and watch for the wounded pigeons to fall, when a violent scramble takes place among them, each bird being valued at 3d, or 4d. So popular has this sport become, that some boys takedogs with them trained to retrieve the birds, and two Lambeth costers altend regularly after their morning's work with their guns,

larly after their morning's work with their guns, to shoot those that escape the 'shots' within.

A good pugilist is looked up to with great admiration by the costers, and fighting is considered to be a necessary part of a boy's education. Among them cowardice in any shape is despised as being degrading and losthsome; indeed the man who would avoid a fight, is scouted by the whole of the court he lives in. Hence it is important for a lad and even a girl to know how to "work their fists well"—as expert boxing is called among them. If a coster man or woman is struck they are obliged to fight. When a quarrel takes place between two boys, a ring is formed, and the men unge them on to have it out, for they hold that it is a wrong thing to stop a battle, as it causes bad blood for life; whereas, if the lads light it out they shake hands and forget all about it. Every body practices fighting, and the man who has the largest and hardest muscle is spoken of in terms of the bighest commendation. It is often said in admiration of such a man that "he could muzzle half a dozen bobbies before breakfast."

To serve out a policeman is the bravest act by which a costermonger can distinguish himse Some lads have been imprisoned upward of a dezen times for this offense; and are consequently looked upon by their companions as martyrs. When they leave prison for such an act, a subscription is often got up for their benefit. In their continual warfare with the force they resemble nany savagenations, from the cunning and treach many savage nations, from the canning and treach ery they use. The lads endeavor to take the un suspecting "crusher" by surprise, and often crouch at the entrance of a court until a police man passes, when a stone or a brick is hurled at him, and the youngster immediately disappears Their love of revenge, too, is extreme—their hatred being in no way mitigated by time; they will wait for months, following a policeman who out for an opportunity of paying back the injury.
One boy, I was told, vowed vengeance against a member of the force, and for six months never allowed the man to escape his notice. At length, one night, he saw the policeman in a row outside a public house, and running into the crowd kicked him savagely, shouting at the same time: "New, you b—, I've got you at last." When the boy heard that his persecutor was injured for life, his joy was very great, and he declared the twelvemonth's imprisonment he was sentenced to for the offense to be "dirt chang." The whole of the court where the lad resided sympathised with the boy, and vowed to a man, that had he escaped, they would have subscribed a pad or two of dry herrings, to send him into the country until the

"plucky one."

It is called "plucky" to bear pain without complaining. To flinch from expected suffering is scorned, and be who does so is sneered at and told to wear a gown, as being more fit to be a woman. To show a disregard for pain, a lad, when without money will say to his pal, "Give us a penny, and you may have a punch at my nose." They also delight in tattooing their chests and arms with anchors, and figures of different kinds. During the whole of this painful operation, the boy will not finch, but laugh and joke with his admiring companions, as if perfectly at

THE HORTICULTURIST, edited by A. J.
DOWNING. March. This Journal always contains
a good deal of readable matter, in addition to it,
instructive discussions on the culture of fruits and
flowers. The Letters from England by the Editor, now in the course of publication, present many
agreeable descriptions of rural and domestic life
in that country. One or two passages from the
latter in the last number will bear reprinting:

ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

The last word reminds me that I must say a word or two here, about the English railways. In be fact. I did not find their reputation out run exception of the road between Liverpool and London,) much above that of our best northern and eastern roads. They make, for instance, bardly 20 miles an hour with the ordinary trains, and about 36 miles an hour with the express trains. But the perfect order and system with which they are managed the obliging civility of all persons in the employment of the companies to travelers, and the quietness with which the busines of the road is carried on, strikes an American very strongly. For example, suppose you are on a railroad at home. You are about to approach a small town, where you may leave and take up, perhaps, twenty passengers. As soon as the town is in sight, the engine or its whistle begins to scream out-the bell rings-the steam way passengers, in rush the new comers. bell rings, the steam whizzes, and with noise something between a screech and a vell but more infernal than either-a noise that deaf ens the old ladies, delights the boys, and frightens the horses, off rushes the train-whizzing takes breath for the like process at the next

In an English railway you seldom hear the scream of the steam whistle at all. It is not considered part of the business of the engineer to dis turb the peace of the whole neighborhood, and inform them that he and the train are coming.— The guard at the station notices the train when hand bell, just loud enough to warn the passen gers in the station, to get ready. The train arrives—no yelling, screaming, or whizzing—possibly a gentie letting off of the steam—quite a necessary thing—not at all for effect. The passengers get out, and others get in, and are carefully seated by the aforesaid guard or guards. this is all done, the goard of the station gives a tinkle or two with the hand bell again, to signify to the conductor that all is ready, and of the train darts, as quietly as if it knew screaming to be a thing not tolerated in good society. But the difference is national after all. John Bull says in his railroads, as in everything else, "steady—all right." BROTHER JONATHAN, "clear CIBBT the coast—go ahead!" Still, as our most philo-sophical writer has said, it is only boys and savages who scream—men learn to control them-selves—we hope to see the time when our people hall find out the advantage of possessing power without making a noise about it.

If we may take a lesson from the English in the management of railways, they might learn vastly more from us in the accommodation of passengers. What are called "first-class carriages" on the English rails, are thoroughly comfortable, in the English sense of the word. They have seats for six—each double-coshioned, padded, and set off from the rest, like the easy chair of an aiderman, in which you can entrench yourself and imagine that the world was made for you alone. But only a small part of the travel in England is in first-class cars, for it is a luxury that must be paid for in hard gold—costing four or five times as much as the most comfortable traveling by railroad in the United States. And the second

Nest boxes, in which the great majority of the British people really travel—what are they?—Nest boxes, in which you may sit down on a perfectly smooth board, and find out all the softness that lies in the grain of deal or good English oak—for they are guiltless of all cushions. Our neighbors of this side of the Atlantic have been so long accustomed to catering for the upper class in this country, that the fact that the railroad is the most democratic institution of the day, has not yet dawned upon them in all its breath. An American rail-car, built to carry a large number in luxurious comfort, at a price that seems fabulous in England, pays better profits by the immense travel it begets, than the ill devised first and accondiclass carriages of the English railways.

ENGLISH WOMEN IN THE COUNTRY.

There are other guests in the house-Sir CHAS.

but so rich in natural gifts as to make one fee the poverty of mere rank,) and a charming family of grown up daughters. It would be difficult, perhaps, to have a better opportunity to judge of the life of the educated middle class of this country, than in such homes as this. And what imssions do such examples make upon my mind, you will ask! I will tell you, fnot without remembering how many fair young readers you have at home.) The young English woman is less conspicuously accomplished than our young women of the same position in America. There women of the same position in America. There is, perhaps, a little less of that je ne scais quot—that nanceless grace which captivates at first sight—than with us, but a better and more solid education, more disciplined minds, and above all, more common sense. In the whole art of conversation, including all the topics of the day, with so politics as makes a woman really a comanion for an intelligent man in his serious thoughts, in history, language, and practical knowledge of the daties of social and domestic life, the English women have, I imagine, few superiors. But what, perhaps, would strike one of our young women most, in English society, would be the thorough cultivation and reinament that exist here, slong with the absence of all false delicacy. The foodness of English women, (even delicacy. The fondness of English women, even in the highest rank, for out of door life, horses, dogs, fine cattle, animals of all kinds,—for their grounds, and in short everything that belongs to their homes-their real, unaffected knowledge of, and pleasure in these things, and the unreserved in which they talk about them, would startle some of my young friends at home, who are educated in the fashionable boarding school of MADAME -, to consider all such things "vul-gar," and "unlady-like." I accompanied the younger members of the family here this morning, in an exploration of the mysteries of the place.— No sooner did we make our appearance out of doors, than we were saluted by dogs of all degrees, and each had the honor of an interview and per-sonal reception, which seemed to be productive of pleasure on both sides. Then some of the orses were brought out of the stable, and a parey took place between them and their fair resses : some favorite cows were to be petted and looked after, and their good points were descanted on with knowledge and discrimination; and there was the basse cour, with its various population all discussed and shown with such lively fected interest, that I soon saw my fair con ions were "born to love pigs and chickens. have said nothing about the garden, because you know that it is especially the lady's province here. An English woman with no taste for gardening, would be as great a marvel as an an-

gel without wings. And now, were these fresh looking girls, who have so thoroughly entered into these rustic enjoyments, mere country lasses and dairy maids? By no means. They will and dairy maids? converse with you in three or four languages; are thoroughly well grounded in modern literature; sketch from nature with the ease of profes sional artists, and will sit down to the piane and give you an old ballad, or the finest German or Italian music, as your taste may dictate. And yet mary of my young country women of their age, whose education—wholly intended for the drawing room—is far below what I have de ed, would have half fainted with terror, and half blushed with false delicacy, twenty times in course of the morning, with the discussions of the farm yard, meadow and stables, which proper ly belong to a wholesome country life, and are not in the slightest degree at a veriance with real delicacy and refinement. I very well know that there are many sensibly educated young women at home, who have the same breadth of cultiva tion, and the same variety of resources, that make the English women such truly agreeable com-panions; but also, I also know that there are many whose beau ideal is bounded by a circle that contains the latest fashionable dance for the feet, the latest fashionable novel for the head, and the latest fashionable fancy work for the

We have received from J. Schuberth & Co., 257 Broadway, nine new numbers of his Hand-Atlas der Alten und Neuen Geographie, (Hand-Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography.) This carries the work to the 17th number, leaving 13 numbers to complete it. The maps are admirably engraved and colored, containing all the latest discoveries in various parts of the world -The numbers before us embrace the various parts of Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Greece, Palestine, Polynesia, Mexico, Central America, the Globe and the starry Heavens. The Physical Map of Europe, illustrating the topography of the Continent, is a decided improvement on the old styles of map making. Schuberth & Co. publish this work simultaneously in New York, Hamburg and Leipsic.

"HINTS TO SPORTSMEN," by E. J. LEWIS, is not only a collection of hints, but a complete treatise on the sporting art, containing minute and copious directions in regard to the practise of all its branches. The descriptions of the game birds and wild fowl of this country are written with great vivacity, and show a familiar knowledge of the subject. Every lover of rural life, as well as the professed sportsman, will find much o interest him in this sprightly volume. (12mo. pp. 366. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.)

Prospects," by Rev. Gustavus Hines, is the work of an esteemed Methodist Missionary, who enjoyed smple opportunities for gaining information with regard to the Pacific Coast, during a residence of several years in that quarter. It is written with great clearness and simplicity, and will prove a valuable book of reference on all matters pertaining to the history, geography and present condition of Oregon. (12mo. pp. 437 Buffalo: G. H. Derby & Co.)

"THE VOLCASO DIGGINGS," by a Member of the Bar, is a fictitious story intended to illustrate the salutary workings of our judicial and legal institutions, and the importance of a strict adherence to established forms. The materials of the plot are drawn from life in California, with which the author is familiar from personal residence in that country. He tells his story with considerable spirit. (12mo. pp. 131. J. S. Redfield.)

DEATH OF HENRY M. SHREVE .- This worthy, for nearly forty years closely identified with the commerce of the West, either in flatboat or steam navigation. During the administrations of Adams. Jackson and Van Buren, he filled the important post of U.S. Superintendent of Western river vements, and by the steam snag boat, which he was the inventor, contributed largely to the safety of Western commerce. longs the honor of demonstrating the practicability of navigating the Mississippi river with steam boats. He commanded the first steamer that ever ascended that river; and made several and valuable improvements both of the steam engine and of the bull and cabins of Western steamboats While the British were threatening New-Orleans in 1814-15, he was employed by Gen. Jackson in several hazardous enterprises, and during the bat tle of the 8th of January, served one of the field leces which destroyed the advancing column ed on by Gen. Kean. His name has been historially associated with Western river anvigation and will long be cherished by his numerous friends [St Louis Repub.

LANE NAVIGATION.—A dispatch from Buffalo,
March 19, says: "The steamer Arrow, from Detroit, strived yesterday afternoon. The Saratoga,
from Detroit, has gone down to Black Rock; she
has 180 passengers. Our navigation is now open,
and hereafter there will be a daily boat."

FIRE AT SEA.

Destruction of three Cont-Inden Versels by

gers and Crews.
From the Postion Journal

We have been furnished by a friend with the following highly interesting letter giving the particulars of the der, cruction by fire at sea, of three coal laden ships, a brief account of which we published some hays since. The writer is Mrs. Bates, the wife of the Captain of the Nonantum, the first vessel knentioned in the letter. It is seldom the lot of a woman to pass through such a continued stries of dangers of a character so trying as those recorded in Mrs. Bates's letter. The letter is dated Bay of Sechura, Coast of Peru, Jan 17, 1851, and after a few lines of a private nature says:

and after a few lines of a private nature says:

I will now commence my narrative. After we left Baltimore, we proceeded on our voyage pleasantly, and I assure you I never enjoyed myself more. Nothing occurred to mar our enjoyment until we were about in the latitude of the River Platte, when William discovered smoke issuing from the after hatch, and then the startling truth flashed upon our minds that the ship was on fire.—She was loaded very deep without which was taken out of the mines, brought directly down to the ship in the cars, turned (sometimes soaking wet, from the rain that fell on the way) directly into the ship's hold—and there it had remained heat originated from it had generated fire. This result was feared by some before we sailed.

Imagine our situation-eight hundred miles clement weather, so rough that boats like could not possibly live for any length of time. There was no other way but to smother the fire as much as possible, and bear up for the nearest land—the Falkland Islands. The crew immediately commenced getting up provisions and water sufficient to last until we could arrive at water sumctent to last than we could be the Islands, and during the short time they were employed between decks, so powerful was the gas that some of the men fell down senseless from its effects. They then cauked every scam and the hatches as tight as possible, and yet gas and smoke would escape through seams w were apparently water-tight. The gas finally filled the cabin so that we were obliged to vacate it. We were in momentary expectation of an explosion, as such things had been known to occur in similar situations. We had our boats ready to launch in case the fire broke out, although we did not suppose for a moment they could live. It was extremely cold weather, and was wrapped up in all the warm clothes I could get on, and was obliged to stay on deck for fear of the effect of the gas. Before I left the cabin it nearly suffocated me. I was so fatigued want of sleep that I lay down on the floor and fell asleep, and when I awoke I could not stand, and ould scarcely breathe until after I had a lit of omiting, which relieved me.

We were eight days in this situation before we discovered land. There were two men stationed aloft to keep a look out and William was on the house. It was very thick, and soon William sung out "Land ho!" I shall never forget that joyful sound. Presently the high rocks, called the Volunteer Rocks, which make off two miles, began to heave in sight, and I can assure you those barren rocks presented to us a most welcome appearance. We ran into a little cove, under the lea of the land, and anchored that night, for it was blowing a close reefed topsail breeze, right down the harbor. The next day we beat up to the settlement, called Port Stanly. an English colony, consisting of 400 people. We had a survey upon the ship—opened the hatches and found her all on fire. We commenced throwing water into the hold with an engine but the fire still increasing there was no alternative left but to run the ship on shore and scuttle her. This was done, and after the fire was extinguished we went to work and stripped the wreck. Everything between decks was saved in a damaged state and was sold at auction. She was dreadfully burnt inside. Her beams and stancheons were burnt off, and her lower deck had fallen in. She was so burnt at the bottom that she bilged immediately, although a head of the same where it was very

After the business was all settled we should have come directly home, but the island being very little frequented by vessels, we might have remained there a year perhaps before an opportunity would have enabled us to return. There was in port a Scotch ship from Dundee, bound for Valparaiso, called the Humayoon, Capt. McHenry, master, and he said he would take us to Valparaiso, whence we should be more likely to have an opportunity of returning home. We left the Faiklands about the 25th of November, in his ship, which was loaded with coal, but which had been in so long that we thought there was no danger from it. We had been at sea twelve days, and were just round Cape Horn, when we discovered the ship to be on fire, and it increased so rapidly that in three or four hours she

We were at this time seventy miles from land, and immediately made preparations to take to the boats, preferring to take our chance of gaining the land, aithough it was an inhospitable coast, inhabited only by savages. Just at this moment a sail-hove in sight. We hoisted a signal of distress, and she bore down for us. She proved to be an English ship called the Symetry, loaded with coal, bound to Acapulco. Capt. Thompson, her commander, took us all on board, and in a short time we saw the fine ship Humsyoon burn to the water's adde.

to the water's edge.

We remained on board the Symetry 12 days, when a large ship hove in sight, and in answer to our signals hove to. She proved to be the American ship Fanchon, of Newburyport, Captain Lunt, bount to San Francisco. She loaded at Baltimore with cosl at the same time we did, and was well acquainted with William. Judge of his astonishment to learn that we were on board the Symetry. He immediately invited us to come on board his fine ship, and we at once accepted the invitation. The ship was 1,000 tuns burthen, and had in 1,200 tuns of coal. On the 25th of December, when we were in the Pacific, 1,200 miles from Isnd, we discoved the Fanchon to be on fire!—Efforts were immediately made to make her as tight as possible, and Captain Lunt shaped his course for the main land. We were on board this burning ship three weeks, and imagination cannot conceive the anxiety of our minds during this time. We never saw a sail of any kind from the time the fire was first discoversduntil we saw the land, and then nothing but those little "Catamarana." Capt Lunt ran the ship into a small bay, called

the Bay of Secoura, anchored about two miles from the shore, at 4 o'clock P.M. He immediately commenced landing the dunnage in the surf on a good sandy beach. A tent was built, and, after taking everything off the ship's deck, they opened the batches, and no sooner were they raised than she was one sheet of flame below. The hatches were put on again, and she was ron on shore and scuttled, but the flames were too faradvanced to prevent her from burning. And there lay that noble ship in this lonely bay, and burned to the water's edge. Oh! it was awfully grand; it was a scene never to be forgotten. Give the freest flight to the imagination, and it cannot conceive anything to surpass the reality. Think of the danger we incurred in remaining so long (three weeks) on board that burning ship. She was actually all burnt out inside. In one day more it would have burst out at her sides. Twelve hundred tuns of coal with all her other cargo—and all on fire, made no trifling heat to be living over. Bat then we heatstied to take to the boats until we were compelled to on account of the sufferings we should have to endure in an open boat at sea.

The coast where we are now staying is uninhabited. The nearest settlement is fifty miles from us. The Bay of Sechura is on the coast of Peru, about fifty miles from Payta. The first officer, with a boat's crew, have now gone up to Payta to get the American Consul to render us assistance in getting away.

This is a most picturesque spot where we are encamped. We have four tents pitched on the beach, while close behind are cliffs rising hundreds of feet above us, and as far as the eye can reach are mountains rising one above another.—
The burning of the ship was an event which will long be remembered by us all. The flames roaring and raging to the very topmast heads, lighting the whole heavens—the mountains in the background brought into full view—with us, poor mortals, standing upon the beach witnessing the sublime scene—presented a picture well worthy the artist's pencil. The roaring of the surf, for once, was completely drowned by the louder roaring and crackling of the flames. It was an awful sight to see the ship Humayoon burn at sea. But then it was day time, and it had not the grand appearance of a fire by night!

I have been on board four different ships since I left Baltimere and have been burnt out of three of them. They were all coal laden I While at the

Falklands we heard of a large American, ship leaded with coal, being burnt of Cape Horn. The crew took to the beats and succeeded in arriving at Cape Negro. We did not learn her name. It seems impossible for any of the ships that leaded at Baltimore at the time we did to arrive at their destination. The Fanchon was the best fitted in respect to ventilation, und she has not escaped. It is a dangerous cargo to have so long in a ship—it may do for a short voyage.

it is a dangerous carso to have so long in a ship—it may do for a short voyage.

[A postscript to the letter says, that the writer remained on the beach for one week, when the whole party was taken off by a brig and carried to Payts, where they were entertained at the American Consul's house. From Payta the writer, with her husband, intended taking passage for San Francisco in an American vessel then loading for

A Tale of Horror.
The Paulding (Miss.) Clarion, of March 1st.

contains the following account of a tragedy in that vicinity:

Since the time when the midnight murder of Dr. Longgon and family sent a thrill of horror through this community, no event has created a deeper sorrow and more pervading indignation than the assassination, on Tuesday last, of Mrs. Mary Dixon, wife of John Dixon, and her infant child, at her residence in the neighborhood of Wm. Bridges, Esq., by Haley, a negro man belonging to Mr. Zachariah Thompson. Having been summoned on the Coroner's Jury, we went in person to the scene of the horrible tragedy, saw the mutilated body of the murdered woman, the severed throat of her infant, and winessed, without regret, the summary and terrible, but still linadequate expiation of his triple and atrocious crime by the monster. The revolting facts are briefly these:

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Dixon, unconscious of the awful doom impending over his family, started from home in quest of cattle. His little son, an artless child, a few months over two years old, started fondly after him, pursuing him some distance, unnoticed by the father and undiscovered by the mother. Mrs. Dixon soon missed the boy, went after him, and called him to return. She was then approached by the brutal villain Haley, who at once offered such indignities as the virtue and pride of civilized woman resents and resists, even at the peril of life. She repelled the advances of the bestial monster, yielding neither to threats nor disgusting importunities, when he felled her to the earth.

felled her to the earth.

She asked, at the hands of the hend, life—life, that she might prepare for her solitary remaining hope—a refuge for her crushed spirit in Heaven! But the ruffian heeded not: he spurned the prayer of the wife injured beyond reparation, and beat her on the head with pine limbs, and stabbed her till she died! Bruised, mangled, and defiled, lay the corpse of this lady, whom a husband had greeted gladly and unsuspectingly a few hours before, presenting a spectacle too hideous, too replete with horrible memories, for an unaverted eye. The miant was found about thirty steps from the mother, its throat cut twice, with long deep gashes, it is probable the little child was the last victim—and that the last aspiration of her unutterable agony fell appallingly upon his infant ear, before the cold knile of the monater assassin cased over

and that the last aspiration of her unutterable agony fell appallingly upon his infant ear, before the cold knile of the monster assassin passed over the throat of the innocent creature.

The attendance of the Coroner was procured on Wednesday, and the jury, after a patient investigation, returned the following verdict:

"The said Jurors do upon their oaths say—that

the said Mary Dixon came to her death from blows inflicted by a certain negro man slave named Haley, the property of Zachariah Thompson, of Jasper county, that is to say, her skull was fractured, and also her lower jaw and cheek bone on the left side—her neck was dislocated, and also her left shoulder—the little finger was broken on the right hand—her left car was badly mutilated—she had also three cuts on her neck, supposed to be inflicted by a knife, one of them entering into the wind pipe, another the juguiar vein, and the other a small cut on the left side of the neck. A large cut was also on her left arm, and some scratches and marks of violence on the right thigh, which indicated the purpose of the said slave Halay. The said Zachariah Dixon came to his death as follows—by two wounds inflicted by a knife one entering the wind pipe, the other the carotid artery on the left side, which were inflicted by

artery on the left side, which were inflicted by the said slave Haley.

When Haley was arrested, his clothes were stained with bleod, and the wretch attempted, and did throw away his knife. After being severely whipped, he made a confession. His implication of the boy, Paul, is entirely discredited by the citizens in the neighborhood, various circumstences strongly tending to the exculpation of the latter. On Thursday about two hundred persons assembled, including many ladies. The guilt of Haley was too manifest for doubt; and while in dignation was at its height, and the blood curdled at the vivid recollection of the unexampled attocity, it was proposed that Haley be burned to death. To this proposition there was not a single dissentient, if we except the officers of the law, who, in compliance with their sworm duty, protested against the illegality of the act. All were eager for the instant and signal punishment of the worse than murderer. Accordingly, he was borne to a tree, chained to it, and surrounded with light and other wood. It is worthy of remark that the slaves present evinced commendable abhorrence of the crime and the criminal, and assisted with

Western Texas—Corpus Christi Salt.—The evidences of the great resources of Western Texas are every day increasing. A specimen of natural salt, found eight miles from Corpus Christi, has been handed us, which appeared perfectly pure, while it is stated that the supply is inexhaustible. Carts are sent out and she salt is shoveled in with little labor and expense. What gives it increased value is the fact that the beef which is raised so extensively in that section, can be much more easily cured with this salt than any other, as it takes or absorbs the salt with the greatest facility. It is further thought that this article, wher ground, will make a line salt for the table, and for all cocking purposes.

alscrity in his punishment.

Subscriptions received to the Daily Tribune. Hallowell, Me. SATURDAY, March 15.

Hallowell, Me. Angellea, N.Y.

Mendham, N.J. | Mechanicaville, N.Y.

Stockbridge, Mars. | Dundee, N.Y.

West Goshen, Conn. | Montpeller, Vt.

Sandusky City, Ohto. | Galena, Ill. Sandusky City, Ohio, North Orange, N.J. Monray, March 17.
Boston, Mass.
Sorei, Canana
Saxton's River, Vt.
Stamford, Conn. TURSDAY, March 13.
West Stockbridge, Mass. . . | Philipsville, N. Y. |
Geneva, N. Y. . . . | Warrington, Florida. | Subscriptions Received to the Semi-Weekly. Subscriptions Rec'd to the Weekly Tribune. MONDAY, March 17
Stockton, N. Y. St. Albans, Vt.
Latriaville, N. Y. St. Albans, Vt.
Mexico, N. Y. 2 and bring, N. H.
Wiacey, N. Y. 26 Groups, N. H. Sogar Grove, Ind. 51 BOUVAY, Onio.

Cuba, N. Y. 20 Marchall, Mich. 6
Fleming, N. Y. 16 Turner, Me. 6
Norway, N. Y. 2 North Turner Bridge, Me. 2
Marcellus Falls, N. Y. 10 North Turner, Me. 1
Aurora, N. Y. 11 Gail's Corners, Me. 2
Mexico, N. Y. 2 Kingstor, Wis. 6
Greenwood, Wis. 8 Covingtos, Ind. 6
Milan, Ohlo. 10 Providence, R. L. 6 Single Subscriptions received from various Post-Ofice. SATURDAY and MONDAY, March 15 and 17. New-Hampahire.....

Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18 and 19.